

FREE ADMISSION - - - - ALL THE TIME - - - - FREE ADMISSION

THERE'S A REASON WHY THE CROWDS GO TO

The Beautiful
Summer
Amusement
Resort

LUNA PARK

Down on the
Banks
of
The Potomac

Luna Park is to Washington like Coney Island is to New York. Like White City Park is to Chicago. Like River View is to Baltimore. It is the People's Park.

THE PARK WHERE YOU ALL GO—NOT ONCE, BUT ALL THE TIME. THE PARK WITH SOMETHING DOING ALL THE TIME.

BIG FREE ACTS--VAUDEVILLE--AND ALL THE GAMES

The Largest and Best Dancing Floor in or Around Washington. Music by Tansill's Big Band. Dancing (from 8 to 11) One 5c Ticket Admits Two to Dance.

EVERYTHING OPEN

Every Night From 7 to 11

Sundays and Holidays 1 to 11 P.M.

The Great Divide

The Giant Swing

The Cave of the Winds

The Automatic Rifle Range

The Carrousel

The Vaudeville Theater

THE BIG AIRDOME, The Home of the New \$10,000 Pipe Organ TO BE INSTALLED THIS WEEK.

The Country Store

The New Soda Fountain

The Egyptian Palmist

The New Box Ball Alleys

The Big Shoot the Chutes

The New Panama Canal

The Photograph Gallery

The Big Penny Vaudeville Arcade

AND THE NICE, BIG, COOL DANCING PAVILION

ALL THE GAMES ALL THE TIME

PRETTY GIRLS TO SERVE YOU AT ALL THE STANDS

Come Out, Girls. There's Going to Be a Big Time Tonight and Every Night. Something Doing All the Time.

FREE!! ALL THIS WEEK AND NEXT FREE!!

The World's Greatest and Most Celebrated High-Wire Artist

"ALFRENO"

With His Great Fireworks Display, Representing Niagara Falls, 100 Feet in Midair.

And the FIVE SMALL ALFRENO'S--A Whole Show in Themselves

SEE THE TWINS IN THEIR GREAT BOXING ACT

Every Riding Device Has Been Rebuilt This Season

Splendid car service to and from the Park. Cars every 10 minutes from 12th and Penna. Ave. Come out and have a good time. EDWARD S. WHITING, Manager.

HORSE RUNS AWAY.

Several Pedestrians Have Narrow Escapes From Frightened Animal.

A horse attached to a delivery wagon of the E. P. Dickinson market, connected with avenue and R street, became frightened while standing in front of 1731 19th street northwest about 10 o'clock this morning and ran away.

The animal ran south on 19th street to Dupont Circle, where it narrowly missed crashing into two cars of the Georgetown line, and then west on P street. The progress of the horse was stopped in front of 2145 P street, where it ran into a small wagon owned by James T. Gilroy, a paperhanger, of 2423 H street northwest, reducing the lighter vehicle to an almost total wreck.

Damage to the market wagon was slight. James Martin, the driver of the fractious animal, was not in the wagon when the horse ran away. No one was injured, but several pedestrians had narrow escapes from being run down.

The Busybody.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

We shun them at every opportunity, those busybodies who pose as our friends when really they are quite the contrary, and who seem to think they are endowed by a special act of Providence with regulating the affairs of their neighbors as well as of those who would rather not be their neighbors. It is easy to comprehend how such persons earn their characterization and easier still for us to apply such a description to all those who in any way display what we may regard as an undue interest in our affairs. It is possible, however, that the cap which we place so unhesitatingly upon the heads of certain persons would prove a better fit for us if we could persuade ourselves to "try it on." Inquisitively, the suggestion to some of us that we could ever overstep the limit of our friendly interest in others is distasteful, and in many cases probably unwarranted, yet it is true that one of the distinctive characteristics of the present age, with its freedom of living and its consequent sacrifice of many of those refining and restraining influences that are so vital a part of another and more distant day, is the readiness with which we indulge our curiosity. Not satisfied nowadays with the bestowal of a confidence which is sufficient, perhaps, to pique our interest it is not unusual for some persons to solicit further details and in other words to evince a too eager concern in the affairs of others.

A Court for Wronged Wives.

From Human Life.

Desertion and non-support of family is a growing evil which cannot be checked too soon. More uniform laws regulating the punishment of both offenses are a necessity. It is imperative that desertion should be made a misdemeanor and not a felony in order that it may be dealt with in domestic relations courts. Buffalo, New York and Chicago now have domestic relations courts in which a woman with a troublesome husband may appear at any time and secure the aid of the law without experiencing the degradation of appearance in a criminal court. More of these courts are also needed and it is evident that they should have jurisdiction over all cases of non-support and desertion. Such power vested in them would, it is believed, decrease the destitution among the poor to a remarkable extent. Investigation shows that from 8 to 42 per cent of the families needing charitable relief in the largest cities are brought to their condition either by the desertion of fathers or their failure to support.

The Earth Not Near Its Limit.

From the Cleveland Leader.

When food prices were soaring, less than two years ago, a great deal of printer's ink was used in telling how near the world had come to dire suffering from unprecedented pressure of population upon the largest possible food supplies. Solemn warnings were given that radical changes in the production of food and its consumption and in the use of the soil

were imperative if mankind would escape starvation.

There was a certain element of truth and common sense in this talk, but it concerned the rather remote future more than it did the present, in its most radical predictions. For instance, the approach of a veritable famine in respect to wheat was said to be plain and imminent.

Now the world's yield of wheat promises to break all records, and an unusually large surplus will be carried over into the new crop year. Canada is practically certain to make a great advance over the harvest of 1910, and in the United States there is a fair chance for a new record. Australia has had a fair yield. Conditions are generally favorable in Europe.

The tendency of prices for food is downward in this country, and in other parts of the world. With exceptions here and there, the conditions this year mock the fears of those who jumped to the conclusion that food markets would never fall and that the world would experience great and increasing difficulty in producing enough to eat. This old earth is capable of far outdoing all that it has ever done. It has not been brought anywhere near its real food limit.

He Staked His Herd.

From the Kansas City Journal.

Many stories of big poker games among the western cattlemen in the early days have been told, but the story of the game with probably the greatest stakes is here printed for the first time. Two well known cattlemen of southwestern Kansas, one of whom is now a prominent business man in Kansas City, started to move their herds to the pastures of Wyoming. Each herd contained more than a thousand head of cattle. When they came to the crossing of the Arkansas river near Coolidge, they were unable to cross for two or three days. To while away the time the two men engaged in a poker game. When the flood finally subsided so that the cattle could proceed one of the cattlemen said to his son, who was helping to drive: "Just turn my herd over to our neighbor and we will go back home." He had bet and lost not only all the money he had, but also of the head of cattle.

Ice in Persia.

From the Los Angeles Times.

The fact that ice is plentiful and cheap makes living in Persia more pleasant than it would otherwise be, and the fact that it can be obtained at all is indicative of the ingenuity of the people of the country. The seldom so cold in any part of Persia is due to the fact that there are, therefore, few rivers or lakes from which ice can be obtained, and it is seldom so cold in any part of Persia that ice of a thickness suitable for packing would form under the direct rays of the sun. The Persian obtains his ice by making a shallow pool and building a high wall which will protect it from the sun. A thin layer of ice will form, this he floods at night with water, and so he goes on adding inch to inch until he can cut a block of considerable thickness.

Some Fun.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Pa, what does it mean when you say a man was grossly insulted?" "Well," replied the father, "a man is grossly insulted when the opposing pitcher passes two men in order to get a chance at him."

A Court in Exile.

From the Westminster Gazette.

Wood Norton, the Worcestershire home of the Duc d'Orleans, where King Manuel has been celebrating his twenty-first birthday, is in external appearance little more than the average English manor house, but the stamp of royalty is over it all. And the fleur-de-lis is no mere ornamental symbol, for at Wood Norton "Philippe VIII" of France keeps royal estate and holds his court. He has his retinue of "gentlemen of honor," representatives of some of the oldest families of the French noblesse, under the direction of the Duc de Laines; and his duch-

ess has her dames d'honneur of equally proud lineage. And in this environment of state and courtly ceremonial King Philippe exacts and receives the homage due to a sovereign.

Pleasures of Anonymity.

From the Springfield Republican.

An uncommonly clever American novelist who prefers to keep his identity unknown to his readers writes to the Republican to explain why success has not tempted him to acknowledge his books. His first reason is not difficult to understand: "I am in a situation in life where I cannot profitably be known as a novelist." Yet it stirs curiosity, too. One hears much of the injury wrought to professional men by a suspicion of literary leanings, yet those who take the risk seem to be unscathed. The medical reputation of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Dr. E. W. Mitchell has not suffered from "Elsie Venner" and "The Red City," nor have Judge Robert Grant and F. J. Stimson lost caste because of "Unleavened Bread" and the novels of "J. S. of Dale." John Hay, to be sure, consistently declined to acknowledge "The Breadwinners," but for that there was a specific political reason. It is said, too, that there are exalted social circles where writing would be looked on as eccentric and highbrowed, much as the stone cutting of the Greek artists was regarded by the aristocratic Romans in Anatole France's delightful satire. It may be, too, that there are employers, and it is possible that there are professors of literature who standing would suffer if they should indulge in merely creative and unscholarly writing. It is easy to imagine a clergyman with a fussy flock who might dread, in spite of distinguished precedents, to be known as a writer of novels. But aside from such rare exceptions, the writing of books, either of fiction or "non-fiction," if only they are good books, ought not to be detrimental, one would suppose, either to reputation or to prospects. Certainly it cannot often have happened that anonymity has been permanently kept up for this reason.

The "Paston Letters."

From the Court Journal.

Sir Henry and Lady Paston-Bedingfeld have been placed in mourning by the death of the former's brother, Mr. William Paston-Bedingfeld, who has died at Johannesburg at the age of thirty-eight. The Paston-Bedingfelds, whose seat is Oxburgh, a great moated mansion in South Norfolk, with splendid fortified gatehouse, represent two remarkable lines, the Pastons, one of whom wrote the famous "Paston Letters" in the fifteenth century, and the Bedingfelds, whose ancestors came to these shores from the Norman invader and settled in Norfolk, in which county his descendant lived today. The Pastons were a wonderful race; they thrashed their daughters unmercifully if they did not behave themselves, and they would load them with rich clothing, silk dresses and the like. For years the Paston Letters were among the unconsidered contents of an East Anglian country house. Then one day it was thought they might be of value. Two of the six volumes were sent for Queen Charlotte to see, but they got lost. Her majesty gave them to one of her ladies in waiting to return, but they miscarried somehow. Fortunately, however, duplicates of many of the lost letters were found.

Women's Parlor Cars.

From Success Magazine.

New York women did not take kindly to the offer of a traction line to provide separate cars for their use, most of them preferring the society of men, with all its drawbacks, to segregation. It will be interesting, therefore, to see how the proposal of a western railroad to install separate parlor cars for women will appeal to the supposed beneficiaries of this arrangement. The railroad promises to fit up the ladies cars with cozy corners, couches and buffets with electric grills. The idea is that women, who are practically barred from smoking cars by reason of their prejudice in favor of air to breathe, will thus secure retaliation, as

Held Fast A Summer Phantasy By Nell Brinkley



no man but the harmless, necessary conductor will be permitted to enter. If the special car idea takes with the ladies, why not special trains with everything the nursery a machine that rocks the baby and points out the sights to the children? Some day the comic weeklies may be poking fun at the old-fashioned, co-educational train in which men, women and children had to put up with each other's society for hours at a time.

The infant mortality at Huntington, W. Va., has alarmed physicians and the board of health has begun an investigation. Fifty have succumbed since June 10.

James D. Anderson, one of the best known residents of Somerset county, Md., died at his residence, on Deals Island, Thursday. He was fifty-nine years of age.